

THAT ELECTION IN CHICAGO.

The municipal election in Chicago yesterday resulted in the sweeping triumph of Carter Harrison, the Socialist candidate, over all his competitors. McKinley's plurality of 55,000 last November has been wiped out. In its place there is a plurality of 75,000 in the second city of the United States for free silver, for communistic attacks on thrift, and for unrestrained, shameless vice. This is what yesterday's event in Chicago means; and it is well that every decent, patriotic citizen of this Republic should know it. But the divided opposition to the nominee of the thugs, gamblers and free silverites had discouraged respectable voters generally.—Commercial Advertiser.

Doubtless Chicagoans will be interested to learn that a clear majority of their voters are thugs, gamblers and free silverites who favor unrestrained and shameless vice. The estimate is quite as valuable as that which lately put down the 6,500,000 Americans who voted for Bryan as reprobationists, incendiaries and anarchists.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Carter Harrison was elected Mayor of Chicago on his face, figure and parentage rather than on his platform.—Evening Sun.

This seems to destroy the consolidated forces of vice explanation, but still leaves open the curious fact that Carter Harrison, chairman of the Bryan and Sewall League, on a "Bryanite" platform, was elected by a majority vastly in excess of any ever rolled up by his popular and able father.

Five months ago the city of Chicago, deeply moved by a national fight over a formidable assault upon the country's credit and stability, gave McKinley a plurality of 55,000 votes. Yesterday the same city gave a Democratic candidate, standing on a free silver platform, a plurality of 75,000 votes. What is the meaning of this change? It is admitted that the chief reason for it was the return to the Democratic party of the hard-money Democrats who supported McKinley.—Evening Post.

By whom is it admitted? The sound money Democrats had a candidate of their own, the Hon. Washington Heising. His canvass, pressed with no small political skill, on the issue of Clevelandism, brought him 15,146 votes, or rather less than one-fifth of the "popocratic" Harrison's plurality.

The election of Carter H. Harrison as Mayor is the logical outcome of discord, selfishness and despicable personal rivalries among his opponents, and it amounts to a victory of organized vice and ignorance over unorganized honesty and intelligence.—Mail and Express.

What has the discord to do with it? Harrison was elected, not by a mere plurality, but by a substantial majority over all the candidates, from Republican to Socialist, arrayed against him. Organized vice must be exceedingly strong in Chicago.

Who or what was it, then, that the American voters rebuked on Tuesday, just twenty-eight working days after the new President was sworn into office?—The Sun.

They rebuked themselves for having been dragged and humbugged last November into betraying their interests into the hands of the party which is now rewarding them with the Dingley bill.

It is proper to say, however, that there is nothing in any of these elections to indicate a change in the political opinion or belief or the party affiliations of a single voter in any of the cities which so appear upon the surface to have reversed their politics since November. In none of these municipal elections has there been raised having the slightest relation to those upon which the November election turned.—The Tribune.

Yet the Chicago Democratic municipal platform explicitly reaffirmed the Chicago Democratic national platform. Perhaps no single phrase can explain so striking a revulsion of political opinion. Many causes contributed to it. Local issues and personal rivalries had much to do in determining the result. But so great was the new Democratic majority, so unprecedented the political change, that it is wholly within reason to ascribe it in the greatest part to the disappointment of voters who accepted in good faith the Republican promises of last November, and who find to-day that the prosperity then promised has come only to trusts, to tariff beneficiaries and to the men and corporations who are in partnership with the Government for their own profit alone.

The wriggling of the Raines gang in politics to feel their way to something which shall fully gratify the fanaticism of rural voters, without endangering the grip of the machine in New York City, is ludicrous. The earnest warnings which have assailed them from sensible observers of public affairs who are of their own party seem to have stirred suspicion that they have not been shrewd politicians. The method of patching their bill is characteristic. They would rob Peter to pay Paul.

It is proposed now to tax all clubs alike, to draw no distinction between legitimate social institutions and "lake" arrangements, and in a word to tar them all with the same brush. This will gratify the rural districts, where Republican fanatics flourish the most rampantly. On the other hand, to soothe the bristles of city voters, it is proposed to restore the free lunch privilege. It was on the abolition of the free lunch in saloons that the pseudo-reformers took their strong original ground. That was damned as being the most potent inducement to excess in drinking. The change of ground in these amendments proves what utter humbuggery and lack of sincere principle entered into the whole Raines-law agitation.

It is not fair to blame the McKinley Administration for the sweeping Democratic victories. The political reaction throughout the country, of which these victories are irrefragable proof, is not against the Administration, but its policies. What these policies would be was as well known before November as they are now. The Republican party and its Presidential candidate were perfectly frank. They promised the maintenance of the gold standard and a restoration of the protective policy. These promises are faithfully being carried out.

Why, then, should the people repent them of their work at the polls last November? The answer is visible for those who have eyes to see and brains that are not drugged beyond thinking by partisanship. The people simply have discovered that the gold standard and protection do not produce the fruits predicted for them by the successful party. The election of McKinley, it will be remembered, was to be followed at once by a lighting of furnace fires, a revival of trade and a general return of prosperity, all based upon the knowledge that the gold standard would remain with us, and the "threat of free trade" be removed.

Local issues and the personality of candidates, of course, have had their influence in determining the April elections, but the deep tide which is running all one way everywhere is due to profound dissatisfaction, not with McKinley and the Republican House of Representatives, but to popular perception of the fact that the prescriptions offered by the President and his party last year, and being offered still, for the cure of industrial and commercial paralysis, do not cure. The promise of more protection does not now cheer the patient, nor does the security of the gold standard for four years fill his pocket as was hoped.

The voter has been foolish, he knows it, and he is advertising the fact that experience has pulled the wool from off his eyes. He now sees the trusts in command at Washington, the same trusts that he followed to the polls. He thought he was voting for honest money and the preservation of the national honor. The trusts told him so—the identical trusts that are engaged in a fierce, piggy scramble for the tariff spoils of victory. And the awakened voter doesn't like it.

There is no mystery at all about the April elections, nor will there be any about the larger Democratic triumphs which are in store.

A PAINFUL REVELATION.

Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, editor of the New York Staats Zeitung, is in a parlous state. Speaking to an interviewer for publication he has had the incredible temerity to utter the astounding opinions subjoined: Mr. Roosevelt is utterly lacking in good judgment. I should consider him a very vain man. When he takes a position he decides that it is the right position because he has taken it. The way he insisted upon the enforcement of the tyrannical blue laws was an outrage upon the free people of a great cosmopolitan city. A free people wish to enjoy personal liberty. The citizens of New York are opposed to Puritanical laws, and Roosevelt will never be popular here. I will say this much, however, for Mr. Roosevelt. He has the courage of his convictions, although his convictions are misfits in this era of liberalism.

From this it is obvious, under the rules of interpretation accepted in the most virtuous metropolitan circles, that Mr. Ottendorfer (or shall we say "Ossy" Ottendorfer?) is in favor not only of free men, but of free riot and national dishonor. He would desecrate the American Sabbath, wreck the American home, spread broadcast the blight of infidelity, sow the seeds of corruption everywhere, and in general bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence. He confesses himself an odious demagogue, who truckles to the beer-drinking mob, a promoter of false charity (which, to be sure, is considerably more costly than criticism of it) that would give a hungry man bread instead of a stone in the shape of an elaborate investigation into his morals and domestic affairs while he waits. Mr. Ottendorfer, in sum, appears to be strongly oblivious to the fact that in not thinking as highly of Mr. Roosevelt as he should be is placing himself at war with whatever is progressive, moral, patriotic, chaste and worthy in this community, and as no man who is not progressive, moral, patriotic, chaste and worthy can possibly hope for salvation, the ultimate outlook for the editor of the New York Staats Zeitung is lurid. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt may not on the last great day be invited to pass judgment on Mr. Ottendorfer and others who sin with him, but he should not bank on that chance. Mr. Roosevelt is as likely as Mr. Ottendorfer to be right on this point, which, if Mr. Roosevelt will permit us to say so, is as yet one of opinion only.

GAS PRICES AND THE EXPERT.

It is charged by the Sun that the so-called expert whom the World—in imitation of the Journal—employed to riddle the arguments of the Gas Trust against the Dollar Gas bill, now defeated, offered to betray his trust and testify in favor of the corporations for a consideration. This charge the Sun supports by fac-simile letters which unquestionably put the alleged expert in a very ugly light. But that out of this should spring any reason for rejoicing in the defeat of the Cantor bill nobody who uses gas will concede. That the hired man of a hiring newspaper should attempt to use the bill for blackmailing purposes does not affect the merit of the measure. Captain Cross merely adopted the ethics of the office which employed him. Neither he nor the World originated the bill; neither his apparent treachery nor the ill-repute of his employers can cast doubt on its entire propriety.

The Republican machine, speaking through the Legislature, has denied to the people of New York dollar gas, but in denying it has conceded the justice of the demand for it. The bill, which has passed both houses, promises dollar gas in 1901, and a yearly reduction until then. Evidently the blackmail which the gas companies would not pay to the World's expert they clearly have paid to the man or men who control the Legislature.

The announcement that ex-President Cleveland is not accepting invitations to dinners will be quite disappointing to the members of the Reform Club. It was expected that Mr. Cleveland would join the Reform Club in an effort to eat the country out of its present embarrassment.

Mr. Hanna has formally and firmly refused to attach any importance to the recent municipal election results. Mr. Hanna is enough of a politician to shut his eyes when he doesn't care to view unpleasant things.

It is generally conceded that Hon. David Bennett Hill gives excellent advice when he is out of office. In this respect he resembles another noted character whose mind runs strongly to religious topics when he happens to be under the weather.

There may be some doubt as to the ability of our new battle ships to put up a fight, but there can be no valid objection to the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy on that particular score.

The representative of the late Cleveland Administration in the Chicago municipal race came in last, and had a very narrow escape from landing in the "scattering" column.

The gentlemen who pose as the leaders of the Democrats who bolted last year will observe that the municipal victories this year were won without their assistance.

The diplomatic achievements of the new Minister to Japan consisted of his ability to deliver the Georgia delegation to Mark Hanna at the St. Louis convention.

The peace negotiations that emanate from Madrid are becoming a frequent and unreliable as the efforts to settle the Kentucky Senatorial contest.

While the Republicans at Washington are in a retroactive mood they should contemplate some of the campaign promises they made last year.

The news the powers allow to escape reads very much as if it were run through one of General Weyler's typewriters.

Congressman Bailey has observed ex-Senator Hill's aversion to Washington society and gone it a few chips better.

The McKinley Administration can be depended upon to favor a retroactive course for the Spring elections.

Unlike his colleague with a distinguished name Police Commissioner Roosevelt is in a receptive mood.

The Gould estate will be sure to view with alarm the hostile activity of the New Jersey assessors.

They are always Giants before the opening of the baseball season.

"THE WEDDING DAY" APPEARS.

Stange and Edwards's Opera Sung by the Lillian Russell-Della Fox-Jeff de Angelis Company.

THE Lillian-Russell-Della-Fox-Jeff-De Angelis comic opera combination, suggesting plenty for the money, much or little, triple-plated stardom, and other greedy joys, was solemnly presented for the first time at the Casino last night. Goodly and large was the audience; floral and fragrant was the lobby; reminiscent of the "palm" days of this much-discussed theatre was the entire atmosphere. And the opera entrusted to the L. R. D. F. J. DeA. comic opera combination was "The Wedding Day," book by Stanislaus Strange, founded upon a rather spicy affair called "La Petite Fronde;" music by Julian Edwards.

Russell, Fox and De Angelis! Of course, the main question was how to get them on, and offend nobody. As soon as there were on they could take care of themselves. Who should have the star entrance, and what should it be? Could they be shot up from the cellar in a triple pneumatic tube and bounced into the presence of the audience together? It must have been a very nice point. You also feel as you looked at the programme that you would have to be pretty careful about your applause. "Fred G. Ross, personal representative of Miss Russell;" "S. T. King, personal representative of Miss Fox;" were significant lines that caught your eye.

The knotty question of entrance was so settled. Tra-la-la, sang the chorus girls, as they trooped themselves with conventional lines. Tra-la-la. Tra-la-la. And Mr. De Angelis made his appearance, bowing and scraping, and blinking in a sort of "I'm the first" enthusiasm. Then the opera proceeded slowly. The comedian departed himself pleasantly, and just as you were beginning to consider what had become of the others, you heard another tra-la-la from the chorus girls. You saw them troop themselves into lines again, and the second star was born. It was Della Fox, much reduced in avoidable, but with the same expansive smile as of yore, and a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The star entrance was unhesitatingly accorded to Lillian Russell. It occurred late in the first act. There was no tra-la-la from the chorus girl, no trooping into line. Miss Russell popped her golden head into a door at the back of the stage, and emerged therefrom gorgeous in purple velvet, and bewilderingly beautiful to look at. Yes, this was the state entrance. It was so impressive, and so intense that the audience burst into fervid applause. Miss Russell was accorded the most calorific reception she has known in years.

They were all before us in their triple-plated stellar importance, and the real question of the evening was satisfactorily disposed of. Miss Russell entered as the star, and ended as the star. Foolish people said that Lillian was unwise to twinkle with others, alleging that it was an expression of weakness, were willing to eat their words before the evening was over. Miss Russell had allied herself with nobody. It was a case of Miss Fox and Mr. De Angelis clinging to her halo. Lillian shone so luminously that the other stars were simply common or garden "support." Never did she sing more delightfully, act more convincingly, or display her undoubted right to the queenship of the comic opera stage. Far from the presence of other stars being an obstacle in the way of her twinkling, their presence served Lillian Russell in better stead than all the solitary glories she has won before.

"The Wedding Day" turned out to be a very pleasant and effervescent affair. If it lacked the abandon of champagne, it may at least be said to have made known the saucy life of ginger-pop. And ginger-pop in these days has its advantages. It is far better than the still, mute radiance of circus lemonade. Messrs. Hague and Edwards have established themselves in our midst as a capital team of comic opera drawers, and "The Wedding Day" will not disturb that illustrious. Mr. Stange's story is interesting, well told, humorous and to the point. It starts with the trials and tribulations of Polycoop, a French baker, and his wife, who are disturbed on their wedding day by the advent of Lucille D'Herblay, of the Queen's household. The lady—a sort of feminine Shy—is anxious to secure a treaty from the doughty General Bouillon, and to do this she assumes the garbs of Polycoop's bride, and is mixed up in a series of complications that are far more comprehensible than the usual comic opera entanglements.

Mr. Stange is funny without undue horseplay, and one of his speeches, entrusted to Polycoop, made a distinct hit with the audience. This was the speech: "An old man, who marries a young wife, is simply purchasing a book for all his friends to read." That is what you might call a skittish little remark, but the entire libretto is skittish, and Mr. Stange has not troubled to dish it up for the Young Person.

Mr. Edwards's music is light and always tuneful. A couple of concerted numbers are almost brilliant, and there are a number of songs that are far above the comic opera average. "The Merman and the Whale" seemed to be the ditty that pleased most last night, but a tior solo, and some of Miss Russell's numbers were quite creditable. Lillian's associates were all on their mettle, and if they continue to do as well as they did this initial performance, "The Wedding Day" will be in request. Miss Fox was usually ill at ease. Perhaps she was nervous. She actually had a right to be. At one period of the evening her lingerie showed unmistakable signs of wishing to make public appearance, and a couple of other contrabands were also noted. Little Miss Della, however, is a favorite, and the audience treated her very kindly.

As for DeAngelis—well, I have not recovered from my surprise even now. Not once did he tumble. All the wild unsoundness of his acrobatic methods was abandoned. In the second act, the strain upon him was too great. In sheer despair he flung about his helmet, and composed himself by noise acquired in that way. DeAngelis, however, did good work, and almost made us forget "The Calipp."

Miss Lucille Saunders, of grand opera renown, was a very valuable member of the cast. She sang charmingly, and her splendid stage presence lent a dignity to the performance. Tom Green sang expressively well, and William Prunette, Alf. C. Whelan were distinctly successful.

"The Wedding Day" ran too long, but, of course, with three stellar people on the curb, what is one poor manager to do? It can be cut, and it probably will be cut. Miss Russell, however, should feel very happy this morning. The lion's share of everything went to her. Lillian, however, is a clever woman. She could not have condescended to have a third of anything on earth. She was pretty certain about the result of "The Wedding Day," and to meet its requirements she did not have to descend from her perch. Instead of that she stepped to a higher notch.

ALAN DALE.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....The Heart of Maryland	Knickerbocker.....The Serebade
American Theatre.....The New Dominion	Koster & Bial's.....Gayest Manhattan
Bijou.....The Courtiers	Luxembourg Theatre.....The Mayflower
Casino.....The Wedding Day	Madison Square Garden.....Barium & Bailey
Colony Theatre.....Hosier's Alley	Murray Hill.....Darkest Russia
Daly's.....The Gelska	Olympia Music Hall.....The Great New York
Empire.....Under the Red Glove	People's Theatre.....Hanson's Superbia
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	Pastor's Theatre.....Vaudeville
Fifth Ave. Theatre.....The Gelska	Pleasure Palace-Music Hall, 120 P. M.; 7
Garden Theatre.....The Wife of Lord	Proctor's 23d St.-Continues. Noon to 11
Grand Opera House.....The Politician	P. M.
Harvard Theatre.....Never Again	Star Theatre.....A Texas Steer
Herald Square.....A Black Sheep	Wallack's.....Miss Manhattan
Hesperia Theatre.....The Girl from Paris	Weber & Fields.....Under the Red Glove
Hudson Opera House.....The Beauclerk	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Innocence
Hunter's 14th St. House.....Continues Performance	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Threatening weather and rain, stationary temperature.

BACK TO THE SALOON AGAIN.

Farewell Benefit to R. L. Sandwich by Returning Members of an Exiled Band.

[An Episode of the Free Lunch.]

Dramatis Personae.
RAINES LAW SANDWICH—Well known along the cocktail route, but quite unapproachable.
BAKED BEAN—Piebald, though popular in all parts of the house.
RADISH—Somewhat tough and wilted, but able to appear.
PIGFOOT—Soured on things in general, but true to Tripe.
TRIPE—Much cut up, yet deeply attached to Pigfoot.
E. DAM CHEESE—Looks prosperous, but there's nothing in him.
OLIVE—Still on ice, though regarded as hot stuff.
FRANK FURTER—Round and jolly, but always in hot water.
Roman mob and minor characters by Soup, Chilled Beef, Pretzel, Young Onion, Salad, Savarin, Pickled Beet, Sausage, Spicy Kraut, Hash, Herring, Irish Stew, Fried Oyster, Cracker, Cream Juice and others.
SCENE—Any saloon, one on the corner preferred. On a long table laid out with a white cloth various dishes and utensils are discovered, with here and there spoons and wooden forks standing in goblets of water. Enter Baked Bean and Radish, side door.
BAKED BEAN (ecstasically)—I'm glad I'm alive. Things have not changed much in a year. Rad, old boy. This looks like home.
RADISH (gazing with satisfaction on a shallow dish of water on the counter with salt cellars on either side)—Sure; but they seem to have gotten on very well without us.
(Hollow voice from a shelf under the counter)—Me, too.
BEAN and RADISH (startled)—Who's that?
(The curtain is brushed aside and out steps R. L. Sandwich, with his valise in one hand and a mustard pot in the other, a few drops of mustard roll down the hardened cheeks of R. L. Sandwich and he tries to smile.)
BAKED BEAN (sotto voce)—He's got a face like a dirty door knob.
PIGFOOT (brutally)—Make it two.
SANDWICH (mistaking the cue)—Hum ph, I've been served to a dozen in one night, and many and many's the Sunday I never left the table at all. Youse fellows went last.
BAKED BEAN (hastily interrupting)—Don't talk shop. You misunderstood my esteemed contemporary here. We bear you no malice, nor do we gloat any glants. To the victors belong the lunch counter (with a satisfied look at the layout). The pots and plates and chafing dishes await us. You held the centre of the stage until the audience kicked—
FRANK FURTER (breaking in)—That's right. I've been doing one-night stands in a tin can on the Bower y and Park row for a year, and I'm sick of it.
PIGFOOT and TRIPE—Look at us. Continuous performances in Eighth avenue delicatessen stores until our reputation as a knock-about team is all but done for. Our posters are out of print, too.
OLIVE—And the nibblers will have to learn me all over again. I'm an acquired fad—never was in it with the thirst provokers anyhow. Tough luck!
R. L. SANDWICH—Gentlemen—
E. DAM CHEESE (facetiously)—Be seated. Click, click. Plunk, plunk.
BAKED BEAN (angrily)—Give the old man a chance. As I said before, we are not here to gloat gloats.
R. L. SANDWICH (brokenly)—Gentlemen, I appreciate the situation and your kindness moves me deeply. (Here the surging emotions of Sandwich cause his face to grow yellow and red, as he turns like a wagon load of straw into Front street. As he turns his wrinkled face up for a last, fond look at the stained glass faithful the scene of many a frenzied toast awake genuine pity in the hearts of the company.) But I go, gentlemen. The lunch counter is yours, and you all know your lines. I'm barred at Albany, in town and on the air, I can't, though my name is a household word. Think of me, boys, sometimes as I sneak up and down Broadway trying to look like me old lithographs. Farewell (Exit R. L. Sandwich.)
ENTIRE COMPANY (in grand chorus)—For he was a jolly good fellow. NIT!

RAINES LAW SANDWICH (glaring at the intruders)—Alas, 'tis true; too true. Me time has come.
ENTIRE COMPANY—What's, too true.
R. L. SANDWICH (in despairing accents)—The old man has went back on me, and I'm named after him, too. Oh, that I should have ever lived to see this day that marks the end of me long and useful career. I've been on deck night and day and no one ever touched me. Indeed, I thought myself immortal.

Sandwich falls into a fit of weeping as the Roman Mob and Minor Characters enter with some show of order.
R. L. SANDWICH (with a meaning glance at the train checks)—Where are youse fellows from?
ENTIRE COMPANY (in deafening chorus)—Albany. Whoop-e! You're on the sec. and section of the swine special all right, all right, but who wish you well. Cheer up. A few drops of mustard roll down the hardened cheeks of R. L. Sandwich and he tries to smile.

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OLIVE—And the nibblers will have to learn me all over again. I'm an acquired fad—never was in it with the thirst provokers anyhow. Tough luck!
R. L. SANDWICH—Gentlemen—
E. DAM CHEESE (facetiously)—Be seated. Click, click. Plunk, plunk.

BAKED BEAN (angrily)—Give the old man a chance. As I said before, we are not here to gloat gloats.
R. L. SANDWICH (brokenly)—Gentlemen, I appreciate the situation and your kindness moves me deeply. (Here the surging emotions of Sandwich cause his face to grow yellow and red, as he turns like a wagon load of straw into Front street. As he turns his wrinkled face up for a last, fond look at the stained glass faithful the scene of many a frenzied toast awake genuine pity in the hearts of the company.) But I go, gentlemen. The lunch counter is yours, and you all know your lines. I'm barred at Albany, in town and on the air, I can't, though my name is a household word. Think of me, boys, sometimes as I sneak up and down Broadway trying to look like me old lithographs. Farewell (Exit R. L. Sandwich.)
ENTIRE COMPANY (in grand chorus)—For he was a jolly good fellow. NIT!

RAINES LAW SANDWICH (glaring at the intruders)—Alas, 'tis true; too true. Me time has come.
ENTIRE COMPANY—What's, too true.
R. L. SANDWICH (in despairing accents)—The old man has went back on me, and I'm named after him, too. Oh, that I should have ever lived to see this day that marks the end of me long and useful career. I've been on deck night and day and no one ever touched me. Indeed, I thought myself immortal.

Sandwich falls into a fit of weeping as the Roman Mob and Minor Characters enter with some show of order.
R. L. SANDWICH (with a meaning glance at the train checks)—Where are youse fellows from?
ENTIRE COMPANY (in deafening chorus)—Albany. Whoop-e! You're on the sec. and section of the swine special all right, all right, but who wish you well. Cheer up. A few drops of mustard roll down the hardened cheeks of R. L. Sandwich and he tries to smile.

BAKED BEAN (sotto voce)—He's got a face like a dirty door knob.
PIGFOOT (brutally)—Make it two.
SANDWICH (mistaking the cue)—Hum ph, I've been served to a dozen in one night, and many and many's the Sunday I never left the table at all. Youse fellows went last.
BAKED BEAN (hastily interrupting)—Don't talk shop. You misunderstood my esteemed contemporary here. We bear you no malice, nor do we gloat any glants. To the victors belong the lunch counter (with a satisfied look at the layout). The pots and plates and chafing dishes await us. You held the centre of the stage until the audience kicked—
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